SOILING.

Some of the Reasons Which Render the System Impracticable in the West.

A correspondent writes from Kansas: "I have read with a great deal of interest what has been said in the *Rural and Stockman* concerning soiling, and I am impressed with the profitableness of the system under certain circumstances at least. But what I would like to inquire is this: Do you recommend it under all circumstances?" In reply we would say that we have discussed soiling, so far as the West is concerned, more as a possibility of the future than as having any special interest to Western farmers, or the great mass of them, at the present time. There is no need of soiling on the average Western farm. The elements of the necessity do not exist as they do in the East, where the farms are smaller, and where it is desirable to make every acre do the best. Generally our farms consist of more acres than we can use to advantage. We are land rich or land poor, as you may choose. The first element of the necessity of soiling is a nigh price for land. That exists in some parts of the West, but not in the West as a whole. That would result in smaller farms, and with smaller farms we should be under the necessity of changing our methods of agriculture to the end that we might make our land produce more. In most of the West we have the best land in the world for soiling purposes, for there is a fitness in land for the purpose which must never be lost sight of if the system is to be made profitable. There is land that is suitable for nothing else but pasturing, and it would be folly to attempt to do anything else with it. Stumps, stones, and an exceeding profusion of hills and hollows, for instance, invite to pasturage and nothing else. There may be pieces of such land that may be profitably used for soiling, but as a whole it can not be with any marked success. But on level or comparatively level land that is arable, and worth seventy five, or even fifty dollars an acre, if labor is not too high, it will pay to soil. There is no doubt about it, the sage opinion of fancy dairy writers to the contrary notwithstanding. In the West labor is so high that it would give many of us a pause, before we entered upon such an undertaking. But as far as that is concerned, we think we have shown in previous issues of the *Rural and Stockman* that if the conditions exist to make the adoption of the system desirable otherwise, it can be made profitable notwithstanding than farm labor is high. Very often, in different parts of the country, part of a farm will be very hilly, or otherwise only fit for pasturage, while the balance will be good tillable land. On such a farm the soiling system will permit the keeping of double the amount of stock that could be kept if stock was furnished nothing but pasture. The increase of manure would give an increase of fodder, and thus make the winter keep of the increased amount of stock possible and easy.

But there is one thing, and a very important thing, for even the farmer who is perfectly situated for soiling to remember. It is not best to make a sudden and radical change from one system to another. Such changes in any direction in matters of business do not work satisfactorily. Many, or, at least, some, have no doubt failed for this very reason, and are now among the few who have given soiling any study whatever, who declare it a barren ideality. The simplest things in life can be performed well by the average man only after some experience. Soiling looks to be easy, and certainly it is not communicated. Yet the majority, should people rush into it suddenly, would fail to achieve the best possible results. It is best to begin on a small scale. If the stock of a farm is added to beyond what the pasture will carry, do not add all that experience suggests might have been carried if the system had been practiced until it had become familiar. Reduce the pasture a little year by year. A good plan to test the merits of the system is to soil mornings and evenings, permitting the cattle and other animals to run on the pasture in the middle of the day. In this way the pastures will be kept in good condition, and the cows will give a good flow of milk, and soiling will recommend itself to the farmer and dairyman. Professional dairymen can introduce the soiling system on a large scale with more safety than the general farmer can, for they are accustomed to grow and raise fodder to feed when pastures are short. But as before stated, the subject just now is not of much practical interest to the major part of our western farming community. It is a great question whether we should not be better off if our farms were smaller, and we strove to make our land produce more. But the fact remains that we have any quantity of land, and while we have it, such a system as soiling is scarcely practical with us.—*Western Rural.*

Editorial Suffering.

"I've got two little gems I'd like to read to you, and I want your candid opinion about them," said the intruder.

The editor sighed heavily and dropped his overworked scissors on the floor.

The visitor read the first poem with deep feeling and in different voices.

The editor listened with closed eyes, occasionally he groaned in his spirit.

"Well, now what do you think of that?" asked the visitor with some animation, looking at the editor with an air of eager expectancy.

"I like the other one best."

"But I've not read the other one to you yet."

"That's why I prefer it. It's infinitely superior to the one you have just read."—*Texas Siftings.*

—Oatmeal drink.—Three table spoonfuls of coarse oatmeal put into three quarts of cold water. Boil it for half an hour, and while hot sweeten to taste with brown sugar; strain. It may be flavored with cloves or lemon peel boiled in it if liked.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—All proposed improvements may be leisurely considered at this season, but do not let that be the end of them.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Dispose of the small potatoes by boiling and mixing meal with them, and feeding to the pigs. A better feed for fattening purposes is hard to obtain.—*Toledo Blade.*

—Make a study of feeding. The animal which comes out in good condition in the spring has a long ways the start of one that, from insufficient food, must take a month on grass to get thrifty again.—*Exchange.*

—Hanging plants dry out rapidly. Plunge the pots or baskets in a pail or tub of water, and after they have ceased to drip, return them to their places. The water, however, should be of the same temperature as the room.

—Bread Sauce: Pour half a pint of boiling milk on a teacupful of fine bread-crumbs and a small onion, stuck with three or four cloves, a small blade of mace, a few peppercorns and salt to taste. Let the sauce simmer five minutes, add a small pat of fresh butter, and at the time of serving remove the onion and mace.—*Boston Globe.*

—Fried Potatoes: Peel a number of raw potatoes as apples are peeled. Let the parings be as near as possible the same thickness and let them be as long as possible. Dry them thoroughly in a cloth and put them in the frying basket and plunge it in boiling lard. When they are a golden color drain them well in front of the fire, sprinkle fine salt over, and serve.—*The Household.*

—For citron pudding take half a pint of cream, one tablespoonful of flour, two ounces of sugar and a little grated nutmeg. Mix all these ingredients together with the well beaten yelks of three eggs. Cut two ounces of citron into thin slices, place pieces of it in small buttered molds or cups, fill them with the mixture and bake until the pudding assumes a light brown color. This quantity will make five puddings, which are sufficient for a side dish.—*Detroit Post.*

—The most serious problem now demanding solution at the hands of the farmers is how to reach consumers direct with their farm products. Our farmers to-day are not so much concerned in widening the area under cultivation as in growing larger and better crops on present areas and in securing more remunerative prices for that which they do raise. The middleman exacts by far too large a percentage of the farmers' profits for his services. Some practical system of co-operation among the farmers in buying and selling is essential to their success.—*N. Y. Times.*

RAISING TREES.

Some Suggestions for the Calculation of Profits from Forest Culture.

From the *American Forestry Bulletin* we take the following suggestions relating to the interest suggested, because our people have not yet learned its great importance:

In discussing forestry matters in this country we must not forget that the needs of the various sections differ widely, as do also the conditions for successful—we mean financially successful—forestry. The theories of climate and hydraulic influence of the forest, which have given the first impetus to the forestry movement in this country are now doubted by few—the few having for the most part an interest in doubting; the majority accept them on faith, and some few on conviction. But, after all, these considerations will guide only the statesman and the Government. The individual forest owner desires to make forestry a profitable business; he tries to produce in the shortest time the highest rent from the soil which he devotes to forestry. Therefore, unless other considerations necessitate, wheat land should not be given up to forest growth; for whatever may have been said on the profitableness of forest growing, with some few exceptions forestry, compared with agriculture, is only profitable on poor soil, paradoxical as this may appear. In all calculations on the profits of forest culture our friends have neglected to bring into use a factor which will place the balance on the wrong side every time, unless due care has been taken to reduce the initial outlay for land, labor, etc., to the smallest amount. In agriculture we take every year in our crops the interest on the capital invested in the shape of land, labor and seed, and can apply this interest in any way we like, investing it, for instance, in railroad stocks and deriving the interes in dividends thereon. In forestry, unfortunately, the calculation is more complicated, from the fact that the full returns on our capital can not be expected for 100, 80, 60, or as some advocates of rapid growth will have it, 40 years from the start of the plantation. If then we begin with a soil the price of which was $30 per acre, on that part of the investment alone, the returns will have to be, taking a rotation of 60 years, $560, to pay interest at five per cent. Mr. Foster, of Muscatine, Ia., calculating for profit, allows $100 for plantation of one acre. The amount would demand at the end of 60 years, $1,868, in order to cover interest on the investment, or the whole acre must have produced $2,400 in 60 years. This amount will be somewhat modified by returns from thinnings during the time of rotation, with compound interest added up to the end of 60 years. But taxes and the extra profit which any man expects from an enterprize so hazardous as forestry growing, will more than counterbalance this amount. In walnut, at $100 per 1,000 feet, clear of expense, we would have to cut at 60 years 24,000 feet of clear lumber! We doubt whether this will ever be done. Yet we do not mean to discourage forest planting by these expositions; we only want to direct attention of forest growers to the necessity of simplifying and cheapening methods of forest growing, and of selecting such soils as can not be utilized to better advantage for agricultural purposes. Fortunately the demands of forest trees on the soil are very insignificant. Whilst the agricultural crops deprive the soil of its rarest mineral constituents, tree growth makes demand only on the physical properties of the same, taking its nourishment mainly from the air. The poor soils, therefore, are those which, in a highly-cultivated country, will properly be devoted to forest growth.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—The Union Theological Seminary, of New York City, has a paid-up capital and property worth $2,000,000.

—Bishop Arthur Cleveland Coxe wishes the Protestant Episcopal Church to change its name to the "American Catholic Church."—*Chicago Journal.*

—Much progress is reported to have been made in Ireland of late in the study of the Irish language. The largest school-book firm in Ulster has just issued models of Irish characters for use in slate-writing in the National schools.

—Prof. J. C. Cram, of Deerfield, N. H., is now keeping his 300th singing-school, being in his fifty-first year of teaching. He has sung in the church choir fifty-five years, and has taken charge of the singing in the church for fifty years.

—The Baptist churches of Boston and vicinity stand twenty-three to two in favor of unfermented wine. After several months' notice, during which the subject was carefully studied, the First Church recently voted nearly unanimously to use "the pure fruit of the vine"—unfermented wine—for sacramental purposes.—*Boston Journal.*

—The Pope has issued a decree, creating the American College in Rome, until recently a part of the Propaganda property, a clerical college with an organization of its own, to be ruled like the college of the Propaganda. This relieves it of any danger of confiscation or control by the Italian Government as part of the Propaganda.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—In Missouri a missionary of the American Sunday-school Union found a church thirty years old, meeting in a good house of worship, well appointed as to comforts, with a large congregation, but which had never had a Sunday-school. While there was preaching to parents and adults, the children were hunting, fishing, etc. Here he organized a good school with fifty scholars.—*Baptist Weekly.*

—The *Yale News* says of the proposed abolition of the Wednesday half holiday of the college: "This change will be a serious blow to our athletic interests, and it will make it almost impossible for our nine and foot-ball eleven to engage in enough practice games to enable them to meet the teams of other colleges on an equal footing." Yale's foot-ball Captain, Richards, who was injured on Thanksgiving Day, is again about the campus on crutches.

—President McCosh, of Princeton University, believes that the college which gives to its students a wide choice of studies during all the years of their course commits a radical error. He holds that there are branches rudimentary and fundamental, "which have stood the test of time, fitted to call forth the deeper and higher faculties of the mind, and opening the way to further knowledge, which all should be required to study." Such are the classical tongues with certain European ones, and, above all, our own tongue, with their literatures. Such are mathematics, physics, chemistry and certain branches of natural history. Such are the study of the human mind, logic, ethics and political economy.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—De lookin' backers ain't allus de wisest men. Geese makes more noise den de roosters, but dey ain't got nigh so much sense.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—A child's thought.

A little child looked out at night
Upon the stars in heaven so blue,
And cried aloud, in glad delight:
"God's door has cracks, the light shines through!"

—Judge—"What sort of man, now, was it whom you saw commit the assault?" Constable—"Sure, your Honor, he was a small, onsignificant crathur about your own size, yer Honor."—*N. Y. Herald.*

—A dude returned from college to his parents' city apartments. As he was undressing to go to bed at night he noticed a handsome motto on the wall, "God bless our flat," and it bothered him all night so that he could hardly sleep.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—"Where've you been Frank?" "Down to St. Louis." "What doing?" "Running a photograph gallery." "Did it work?" "Work! I should say it did. First day I hung out a sign: 'Babies taken without prior notice,' and the next morning I found four on my doorstep."—*Omaha Bee.*

—"Has Burlington a very intellectual community?" asked the new minister. "Intellectual, parson? Well, I should constrew. There's three dancing clubs on North Hill, two skating rinks down town, four bowling alleys on Main street, a weekly hop at the South Hill barn, and a school-house on West Hill. Intellectual, parson? Town just runs to brains."—*Burdette.*

—A New York inventor has made a machine by which he claims to reduce the temperature of a room to eighty-five degrees below zero if necessary. It will, no doubt, be in great demand by young men who have at last screwed up courage to ask the old man for the hand of his daughter—an agonizing moment when the temperature of a room suddenly goes up to 110 deg. in the shade.—*Norristown Herald.*

—He had just gone down and purchased two tickets for the opera, and grasping the two halves of his week's salary he hastened to the house and was ushered into her presence. "Ah, Miss De Smith, a very cold day, is it not? Will you not allow me the pleasure of being your escort to the opera to-night?" "O, thank you so much, but Mr. Brown has asked me, and I am afraid I shall have to refuse you; I am so sorry. Yes,' indeed, it is a very, very cold day."—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—He had a crowd around him on the Campus Martius, and when he had placed his toothache cure on the board before him and got his lamp brightly burning, he said: "Gentlemen, the last time I was in your fair city some one hit me with an egg. I sincerely—" At that instant a turnip, thrown by some one in the outer circle, struck the man's hat and carried it ten feet away. He reached out his hand for it and continued: "Thank you! I was going to say that I preferred turnips to eggs, but would it be asking too much of you to boil them first?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A NEW DRESS REFORM.

A Fashion Which Will Doubtless Find Votaries in the United States.

A German professor, Dr. Jaeger, has started a theory respecting clothing, which is creating quite a sensation in fatherland. He objects to garments made of linen or cotton, and gives many reasons why wool should be the sole clothing of human beings. Wool is the natural clothing of animals. It rids their bodies of effete and poisonous emanations and protects them from the inclemency of the weather. But cotton and linen are composed of vegetable fiber. They are dead materials, and retain the noxious emanations from our bodies, thus slowly poisoning us. Silk is not so objectionable, as it is a product of animal life, because spun from the body of an animal. But it is far less wholesome, especially when worn next the skin, than wool or the hair of one of the lower animals. These are some of the reasons why Dr. Jaeger demands the exclusion of cotton and linen from the materials out of which we make our clothing. For men Dr. Jaeger recommends tight-fitting under garments, made of pure undyed wool, fastened over the shoulder and of double thickness over the breast. The coat or jacket should be double-breasted, buttoned well up to the throat, and containing no lining or padding except of pure wool. Inside the sleeves and trousers legs, there is a contrivance that fastens tight around the limb, preventing updraughts, for cold, rheumatism, lumbago and the like are caused by the sudden rush of cold air to one part of the body and not by the cooling gradually of the entire system. The feet are clad in pure woolen socks with divisions for each toe, while the upper part of the boot is made of felt, the lower part also of felt or of porous leather, and the inner soles consist of perforated leather and layers of felt. Thus the boot is thoroughly porous, and the feet are consequently kept as clean and as pure as the hands. By doubly protecting the front of the body, where the blood-vessels converge, these are stimulated; and, as an even temperature throughout is maintained, the necessity for great coats is obviated, rain or damp having little or no effect, for in every case gradual and even evaporation is insured. While they are the best protection against cold, these clothes are also the coolest in summer. Little or no change need be made between winter and summer, at least in the temperate regions; and means have been found by which this system can with equal facility be adopted by women. Nor can a "woolenite" be easily distinguished from the "woodenites" as the wearers of vegetable fiber may be called. The substitution of a collar made of unstarched white cashmere for the customary starched linen collar is the most conspicuous feature in the dress; otherwise it would be difficult to detect the disciples of this system. The cashmere collar, however, is not only most comfortable, but is a preventive of throat disorders. All these precautions taken during the day must be continued at night. The bed must also be free from vegetable fiber. The linen sheet must be replaced by woolen blankets or camel-hair rugs, with white cashmere sheets, if preferred. The mattress and the pillow should also be stuffed and covered with wool; but when thus protected the sleeper need feel neither cold nor change of temperature, and is, therefore, urged to keep his window well open at night. According to Dr. Jaeger, fat and water in the human system are the *media* through which diseases are communicated. The woolen clothing day and night acts as a drain upon the body by removing unnecessary fat and moisture, leaving the system hardened and in a position to avert outside contagions. These theories are accepted as true by many Germans, some Russians, and not a few Englishmen. There is now a doubt but that this new fashion will have its votaries in the United States.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

GAS TAR.

It Will Make Fence Posts Proof Against the Weather for Years.

In the manufacture of illuminating gas from bituminous coal, a large quantity (amounting to about eight per cent. of the coal), of a thick black, strong-smelling liquid is collected, known as gas tar and coal tar. This is a very complex substance, and by distillation yields several oils, etc., leaving behind a solid pitch, called coke-pitch, and incorrectly asphaltum, true asphaltum being a natural product. Gas tar, as it comes from the gas works, is used for various purposes, among others, for the preservation of timber, especially fences and fence-posts, for the making of roofing composition, and in laying what are called asphalt walks. We have had complaints that it appeared to be of little value in preserving wood, and several have inquired as to the proper method of using it. It is not unlikely, as there are different kinds of coal used in gas making, that the tar varies greatly in its properties. In England, where it is much more used than with us, one writer recommends as follows: Three gallons of coal tar, in an iron kettle, is set over a slow fire and allowed to simmer for about an hour. This should be done in the open air, as there is danger of its taking fire. After it has simmered for this time, add a handful of fine quick-lime, and stir well together. Remove from the fire, and add a quart of benzine or naphtha, or sufficient to make it work well from a brush. The coal tar thus prepared is applied to fence-posts and other wood while hot. The writer says: "Two coats will do, and will make any kind of wood proof from all weather for years." Another writer advises to make use of the tar as it comes from the gas works, adding enough benzine (from half a gill to one gill to each quart of tar), to make it work like thin paint. It is to be applied with an old brush to the wood, which should be perfectly dry.—*American Agriculturist.*

—Eighteen years in State Prison was what a New York State negro received for horse-stealing. The Judge could have made it twenty-seven, but did not want to be too hard on the man.—*N. Y. Herald.*

MINING SHARPS.

Western Story Tellers That Assayers Have to Deal with—Two Big Liars.

"Some big liars come to an assayer's office once in a while," a down-town assayer said incidentally in a talk about mining property, "but I think the two biggest liars I have ever seen came into my office last summer, not together, thank goodness, for if they had I would have kicked them out for supposing that I might be an eternal fool. Instead, I listened to each, and then gave him a piece of my mind. The first was about forty-five years of age, sharp-featured, long-haired, and with the appearance of a Western miner. He carelessly unwrapped a newspaper from a lump of silver ore, and asked in a business-like way to have it assayed. I picked up the lump and said off-hand: 'There's no need of having that assayed. It's seventy-five per cent. silver at first glance.' And it was. It was about as rich a specimen as I had seen in some time. It was worth at least $18,000 a ton.

"'But I want it assayed,' he said. 'I've got a drift of ore like that six feet wide, and I want to sell it. I don't want to lie about it, and I want to know just what it is worth.'

"That's my business, and, of course, I knocked off a piece of the lump. I charged him more than I would anybody else, because I knew he intended to swindle somebody. I ground the piece of ore into dust, and put in a bottle. Then I took a little and assayed it. It turned out just what I thought it would. As usual I made record of the assay, and waited for the man to return.

"About four days after the assay four or five respectable old gentlemen came into the office together, and one of them unwrapped a piece of ore and said: 'Will you please assay this for us? We are thinking of buying a silver mine, and this is some of the ore. What do you think it is worth?'

"I looked at it closely and discovered that it was from the lump my Western man had brought in.

"'Excuse me, but I have assayed this ore within five days,' I said.

"'Y-e-e-s,' the spokesman of the party said, hesitatingly. 'We understand that it has been assayed, but we thought it would be safer to have it assayed for us particularly. How much did you make it out to be worth?'

"'Twelve or fifteen thousand dollars a ton.' I said, not wishing to be too particular at first. 'I'll see.'

"While I was looking over my record book I noticed the gentlemen looking knowingly at one another.

"'It was $18,000,' I remarked, turning toward them. It didn't startle them a bit.

"'That's pretty rich, isn't it?'

"'Decidedly so. Where's the mine?' I asked.

"'In Colorado. We have a drift there six feet wide.'

"'Colorado!' I exclaimed. 'That ore never has seen Colorado. That's from some Mexican mine.'

"I knew what I was talking about when I said that, because I can pick out Colorado ore from two thousand specimens. I can pick out ore from the Comstock lode anywhere you put it. After getting a few more particulars about the man who wanted to sell the mine, I said: 'Gentlemen, I don't want to have you taken in by anybody, and especially by one of those Western mining sharps. Instead of taking my word for this assay, go to somebody else, and I've no doubt you'll find many who will be as honest with you as I intend to be, and have your ore assayed. Take some of this dust with you and see if it be like your ore.'

"'But we can buy this mine for only $50,000,' the first speaker said.

"'If you can find a mine where the ore is all like that,' I said, 'I'll find men who will give you $50,000,000 for it. That isn't a true specimen, and, besides, it isn't from Colorado. It's a rich find from some old mine in Mexico.'

"They looked rather glum and went out. I really pitied them. The next day the Western man came in to see me. I gave it to him hot. 'Look here,' I said, 'we have just about enough of such fellows as you around here. When you come on here to sell a mine, don't try to palm off Mexican ore for Colorado ore. Take my advice, and don't show that lump to any miner, because he'll know it in a minute. Now skip.'

"'I have never seen the old gentlemen since. I guess they found somebody who told them the truth as I did.

"The other chap was a short, dumpy fellow. He wanted to have everything very secret. He had a piece of ore that I knew was Mexican, and it was a long time before I could get anything out of him. At length he said: 'I'm a commercial traveler, and while I was in Mexico this summer I struck an old trail over the mountains that, I thought, would take me by a short cut to where I wanted to go. I took it, but it was the roughest ground I ever struck. About noon I was almost overcome, and I dropped off my mule near a shady place to catch a nap and rest. My mule, that was wandering about, awoke me after awhile by nearly stepping on me. In pulling my blanket off that served as a pillow, I noticed that the rock sparkled. It struck me all at once that it was silver, and I looked around to see if there were any other rocks like that. I don't know whether you'll believe it, but a short distance off the trail the ground was covered with them. I picked up about twenty pounds and packed them on my mule and started for the nearest settlement. I didn't say anything to anybody in that neighborhood, and I didn't dare to have the ore assayed until I got to El Paso. But I inquired about the price of land, and found I could buy that piece of ground for about $15,000. I've come on here to raise that and then start a mine. What do you think the ore is worth?'

"I took the fellow all in and said: 'Did you pick this off the ground?'

"'Certainly,' he replied.

"'Was it in this condition?'

"'Of course,' he answered, although he was beginning to be frightened.

"'Then you are the biggest liar I have ever seen,' I said, very decidedly.

"The fellow winced, and I continued: 'You don't know anything about ore, and you don't know anything about Mexican land. This ore came from some mine more than twenty feet under ground, and it isn't necessary to buy Mexican land before starting a mine. You tell your story well, but you'll have hard work to find anybody who will give you $15,000 to pay for Mexican land. Get out.'

"There's a great difference, you know, in the appearance of ore that has lain on the surface any length of time and that of ore just dug from under ground. The latter is more crystalized, for one particular. The surface pickings are what we call the results of a blow-out. Two drifts, coming together peak-shaped, are gradually projected out by the washing away of the earth. Water gets in the crevices, and, after awhile, the peak breaks into pieces, which are scattered over the surface. If that chap had had surface ore he might have been believed, except that part about the land, which was way off."—*N. Y. Sun.*

TWO BRAVE WOMEN.

A Thrilling Episode of Life in the Rocky Mountains.

The heroines of history are usually characters made conspicuous by the emergencies of war, or revolution, or an unsettled state of society. The same heroic qualities exist in woman's nature at all times, only in a peaceful age, and a peaceful land, the situations that call them out occur less frequently and are less likely to go upon record. The *Rocky Mountain News* tells in the following story what a girl can do bred up in frontier life, and probably, for that reason, better fitted to cope with its dangers; but cases of female bravery are by no means uncommon in our towns and cites. Those who complain that the human race is degenerating will do well to notice that in this instance it was the *girl* who proved equal to the occasion, while the *woman* was utterly helpless.

Reed's ranch did not differ materally from hundreds of others in Colorado. The same straggling, one-story structure, perfectly innocent of paint, with outbuildings looking as if they were ready to tumble down. The family consisted, at the time of this story, of Joe Reed, the proprietor, his wife and two children. Ella, the eldest, was a rather pretty girl of eighteen, who for several years had relieved the tired mother of much of the burden of the housework, attended to the duties of the dairy, and was a good horsewoman withal, often accompanying her father in rough rides of miles when looking for stray cattle.

Once a week Mr. Reed went to Denver to sell the dairy products, and purchase such articles of food as could not be raised on the ranch. Willie frequently accompanied him, and the two women thought nothing of being left alone in the house until long into the night, as the distance to the city made the drive a long one.

It was on one of these evenings in the early fall, just as they had completed their supper, and the mother was arranging the table for the hungry father and son, that the younger woman went to the barn, the back of which was immediately on the road, to see a calf that was sick.

Suddenly she heard the voices of men in the road near the barn. Listening and scarcely daring to breath, she heard words that almost froze her with terror.

"The old man keeps his money-box in the drawer of the old bureau, but the old woman carries the key."

"How can we get at it?" asked another voice.

"We can bind both women, and if they make any noise, we can stop that."

For a moment the terrified listener was fairly paralyzed with fear; then, she started up, and running quickly around to the back of the house and crawling through an open window, went to a closet and took from it two revolvers which were always kept loaded for emergencies, concealing them in the folds of her dress.

Hastily rejoining her mother in the larger room, she was just in time to see two burly-looking ruffians enter by the door.

The taller of the two men demanded supper, "and let it come quick, too," he said, in a menacing tone. The brave girl placed the food on the table, knowing that the scoundrels would satisfy their hunger before putting their purpose of robbery, and possibly murder, into execution. She then sat down in front of them, and watched them. The moment their meal was completed, she suddenly thrust the muzzles of the pistols in their faces, threatening to shoot if they moved.

Expostulations and protestations were in vain; the heroic girl stood there with eyes flashing and determined, for what to her seemed ages. The poor mother, as soon as she comprehended the situation, overcome by her great terror, had fainted and was lying on the floor.

At last the sound of wagon wheels was heard coming toward the house, and in a moment the father and brother entered the house in company with an uncle who had arrived in Denver that day from their old Eastern home in Pennsylvania, and by the merest accident met Mr. Reed on Sixteenth Street, in Denver.

As soon as they comprehended the situation they compelled the ruffians with revolvers at their heads to submit to being bound with ropes, and when day-light came they were taken to the county seat and placed in jail.

The brave girl as soon as relieved from her terrible guard duty, and the horrible strain on her nerves was taken off, went into a succession of hysterical spasms, and it was for weeks that her reason, if not her life, was despaired of.

She eventually recovered, however, and afterward married a wealthy Denver gentleman, and is now living in the Queen City. The two men were recognized as old offenders, in fact they were fugitives from justice from a distant county, and afterward served a long time in the penitentiary in Canon City.

—In walking always turn your toes outward and your thoughts inward. The former will prevent you from falling into cellars, and the latter will prevent you from falling into iniquity.—*N. Y. Ledger.*